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CONTENTS.

SANZIO. <i>Stuart Sterne</i>	137
THE DEVELOPMENT OF PIANO-FORTE MUSIC, FROM BACH TO SCHUMANN. From the German of <i>Carl Van Bruyck</i>	137
THE BRAIN IN PIANO PLAYING. <i>W. S. B. Mathews</i>	139
THE SALZBURG MUSICAL FESTIVAL. <i>Edouard Hanslick</i>	139
A WORD OF WARNING. The Perils of Young American Girls in European Cities	141
TALKS ON ART: SECOND SERIES. From Instructions of Mr. William M. Hunt to his Pupils. XII.	141
BOOK REVIEWS	141
The Philosophy of Music. — <i>Tanagra Figurines</i>	141
HERMANN GOETZ: HIS CANTATA, "NENIA"	143
MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE	143
Defiance, O. — Philadelphia.	143
NOTES AND GLEANINGS	144

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SANZIO.

BY STUART STERNE, AUTHOR OF "ANGELO."

(Continued from page 130.)

THE autumn with its falling, russet leaves,
And clouded suns and chilly rains, had come,
And then the winter with brief, dreary days,
And long, dark nights, storm-tossed and starless oft, —
And Benedetta lingered on and on;
Nor she nor Sanzio questioning earnestly
How long, how short, glad life might thus endure,
He well content she never uttered now
The words that first had sometimes startled him,
"I cannot stay here ever, Sanzio mine!"
But when the quickening breath of early spring
Stirred in the air with infinite sweet promise,
She said one day, "My Sanzio, let me go
Back to my home for but a little while!
My heart has hungered long to see once more
The dear old spots I know and love so well,
Where we had passed so many happy years,
Grandma and I, and where she lived and died,
And the good neighbors that were kind to us, —
I pray you, say not no!"

Sanzio looked grieved,
And then, not full of cheer as once before,
But with grave earnestness, he said, "But, Love,
You must come back to me, for you have grown
More than the joy and sunshine of my days;
You are a part of all my deepest life!"

She promised with a willing heart, and went;
Yet tarried two whole weeks, but sent a message:
"The neighbors are most kind and have much work,
That keeps me, but I shall be with you soon.
I love you, and I dream of you all night!"

She came at length, but even then she said,
"I fear me much I must away once more,
Though it is sad to leave you, Sanzio mine!
This is a busy time out in the woods,
And it is surely right that I help those
Who ever proved our friends!"

He made no answer,
And, glancing up, she read in his deep eyes,
The light of that unutterable joy,
Some new, immortal work had kindled there.
Was it but this, perchance, and the swift flush
Of gladness on his brow, at sight of her,
Wherefore she marked not now a strange, deep change
In his beloved features? "Come!" he said,
And led her to the work-room, and before
A fresh, great canvas there.

A group of figures
Upon a hill, and in their midst the Christ,
Who rose, with upturned face and outstretched hands,
Into the heavens that opened in his path,
Floated and borne aloft by waves of light
That streamed about Him, fed as from a spring
From out his form and countenance divine;
Shedding a golden radiance all around, —
So great a glory that the few elect
Who had drawn close about their Master's feet

Shrank back affrighted from the blinding glow,
And hid their faces. Further still below
Other disciples, and with them a woman,
Who, kneeling, pointed to a struggling boy,
Possessed by demons.

Benedetta long
Stood rapt and speechless, and with bated breath,
Gazing upon the Saviour, for she seemed
To see naught else; then suddenly bowed her head,
And, covering up her face, began to weep, —
Not in loud sobs, as Sanzio heard her first,
But with a moaning, low, heart-broken sound,
That pierced him to the soul. His own eyes filled,
As tenderly he drew her trembling form
Close to his heart, and gently asked, "My Own,
My Benedetta, — nay, wherefore these tears?"
She could not answer for a moment; then,
Raising her head, said slowly, "Oh, my Sanzio,
It is so passing great and beautiful,
My feeble lips scarce dare to give it praise!
But yet I know not! — when I saw it first
A strange, swift pain seized on my heart, a pang
That would not pass, but sharpened more and more,
Until at length it drew these foolish tears.
Pray you, forgive me, — it is over now!"

And, growing calm, she turned to look again
Upon the wondrous work, yet lifted not
Her eyes this time to the Redeemer's form,
But, pointing to the kneeling woman, asked,
"And who is this?"

His brow contracted darkly;
"It is the face of her," he said, and spoke
Unwillingly, she fancied, "whom I knew, —
It seems to me it was long years ago, —
Ere you had come. And I have put her here,
As one who even on an hour like this,
Filled with the glory of the Lord, breaks in
With the unhallowed, jarring sounds of earth!"

"Yet she is passing fair!" said Benedetta,
And sighed, and then was silent.

"See," he said,
When she prepared at last to bid farewell,
"What I have carved for you, while you were gone;
Take it, dear heart!" and put into her hands
A crucifix of finest ebony,
Hung by a delicate silver chain.

A look,
Long, deep, and tender, thanked him more than words;
She kissed the cross and hid it in her bosom,
And promised she would surely soon return.
And thus they parted.

Sanzio, left alone,
Took up his brush again, resolved to work,
But laid it down ere long, with drooping hands
And a strange, sudden sinking of the heart.
A deep, unutterable weariness,
A sense of bleakest, hopeless desolation,
Crept like a numbness, clogging every limb
With leaden weight, up from his very feet,
And slowly spread itself o'er heart and brain.
Was this, — he thought and shuddered as he felt
An icy stream pour through each shivering vein,
While his brow burned and throbbed, — was this, great
God!

The chill of disenchantment in the blood,
Before whose stony eye the ecstasies
Of love itself should wither and grow dumb, —
Within whose poison breath should fade and die
The light and glow of all things beautiful?
The ecstasies of love, — where were they now,
Where all the splendor of those proud creations
The whole wide world applauded? He glanced up
At the great canvas and about the room;
The glory of the Saviour was no more, —
Pale, dim, and colorless, the works he wrought
Seemed blindly to return his gaze. His head
Sank heavily upon his heaving breast.
Oh, wherefore, wherefore, cried his inmost soul,
All this hot toil and effort, — all this straining
Up rugged paths, beneath a burning sun,
With thorn-pricked, bleeding feet, and with the pangs
Of a great thirst no spring could quench? Wherefore
All fret and fever of this fleeting life?
Even they, his noblest works, to whom he gave
All his best heart's-blood, freely, joyfully,
And with it, as he fondly fancied once,
Immortal life, — even they should perish soon,
Crumble into gray dust and barren ashes.
Oh, he had said too well, that ancient king,
All was but emptiness and vanity!

He turned to rest his head upon his arm,
And as he closed his eyes he thought once more, —
Thus passes all the glory of the world!

(To be continued.)

THE DEVELOPMENT OF PIANO-FORTE MUSIC, FROM BACH TO SCHUMANN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF CARL VAN BRUYCK.

(Continued from page 131.)

As the chief representative of the older piano-forte music appears indisputably SEBASTIAN BACH, that altogether extraordinary, wonderful, one might say fabulous, artist and genius, who by his productions — truly giant works — throws into deep shadow almost all that has been done before him and beside him upon German soil; and one may say that whoever has studied his works has fairly taken up into himself the sum and quintessence of all that German art down to his day was able to accomplish. The centre of gravity of Bach's gigantic, phenomenal art activity lies not, to be sure, in his very numerous and extremely pregnant and significant piano and other purely instrumental works (the piano in his time was still a very meagre instrument), but in his Cantatas (mostly for the church, of which he has written more than two hundred), his great Passion-Music (more than one), his Motets, and I may add his Organ compositions, which are unexampled in their grandeur; but even in the former field he stands altogether above all that was produced before and during his day. The-e works, too, although some things among them appear antiquated (as is also the case with some of the Cantatas), will hold their immeasurable artistic worth so long as there shall be a musical art at all, and the capacity to appreciate and comprehend it.

It will be understood, of course, that even on this field much that was excellent and important had been achieved already before Bach (he had, for example, in the person of an uncle, Christian Bach, a very significant forerunner in the Cantata); for even the greatest genius never can create entirely *ex ovo* an art complete and perfect in itself. Wherever we behold any art at a high stage of progress, we may confidently assume that a long period of development has gone before, even if nothing at all be known to us about it. Thus Shakespeare, for example, as a dramatic poet far surpasses all that has appeared in modern times, even on British soil; yet he had several very remarkable, nay important, predecessors, who, much as he excelled them, and genuine to the inmost core as his incomparable magic works appear, yet were not without influence on his development. But I believe I do not err when I maintain that in case of need one may safely ignore all that was produced before and during Bach's time in piano-forte music (which is our special theme), and yet gain from his works alone a complete idea of the condition of the whole art development of that time, besides something more that is altogether peculiar to Bach's own genius.

We may here and there find some single little form worked out to a more perfect finish, as in the productions bequeathed to us by Domenico Scarlatti, Couperin, and some others; we may compare the "Suites" which we possess by Handel to those by Bach; but one will hardly be able to maintain and prove that Bach's piano works (and here I speak of these alone), taken together, on the whole have been surpassed, or even equaled,

by any one of his predecessors or contemporaries.

Instrumental music hitherto has developed only two great art forms, namely, the so-called Suite and the Sonata. The Concerto belongs essentially to the latter art form, and is distinguished from it almost solely by the one peculiarity that it usually consists of only three movements, whereas most sonatas have four. The so-called Fantasia (by no means a modern invention, but already occurring with Bach, — one needs only to remind himself of that grand example, his "Chromatic Phantasia") shows by its name that in it the composer to a certain degree dispenses with that greater strictness of form, to which otherwise he is more or less bound; indeed, the second part of the Bach Fantasia just named consists of a Fugue of as strict and measured form as the great master has composed. I speak here, first of all and chiefly, only of the larger art forms, in which the artistic development properly completes itself, and pass by for the present the numerous smaller forms, of which I will give special prominence only to the Variation. I could and would also omit discussion of the Fugue, inasmuch as this form is not peculiar to instrumental music, but is also very much employed in vocal music. Yet I must consider it expressly, not only because it is one of the highest (as well as the strictest) forms of art, but because precisely in the Fugue has Bach achieved the most incomparable success, — because in it he, and he alone (one might almost say), is a "specialty;" and on this field, to borrow an expression from "world expositions," he stands in a certain manner *hors de concours*, somewhat as Beethoven stands in the symphony, Schubert in the *Lied*, Shakespeare in the modern drama (modern as contrasted with the antique), and Walter Scott in the romance.

The "Suite" is an art form which developed itself in the course of the seventeenth century, perhaps somewhat earlier. One feels almost tempted not to recognize it for an art form in the higher, stricter sense; at all events, in this regard it stands far below the more lately developed "Sonata;" for in fact it consists merely of a succession (a *suite*) of smaller musical pieces, originating mostly from old dances (known by the names, Allemande, Sarabande, Gigue, Lourd, Bourrée, and many more), and naturally retaining their rhythm; but they appear so far idealized through art that for the most part they would have satisfied the real dancing wishes and requirements of our ancestors as little as the sonata-minuets, the art-waltzes, or the Ländler of our day. But anyhow this first larger, broadly laid out form, although not distinctively an art form, and very far from perfect, shows the original and intimate connection of all instrumental music, as on the one hand with song, so on the other hand with the dance. But those little tone-pictures, of which they used to string together five or six into a quasi-whole, by no means show that artistic mastery of form, that rich and ample build, which distinguishes the larger "movements" of the later sonatas, nor that inner organic connection which characterizes the master-works of the latter kind, particularly those which sprang from the lofty soul

of Beethoven. But the greatest disadvantage of the Suite, as compared with the later Sonata, is that all the single movements of which it is made up play in the same key, and so wholly lack the rich variety of modulation which distinguishes our Sonata both as a whole and in the single parts. In spite of all this, however, the Bach Suites (as well as those by Handel, which are almost their peers) contain a fullness of most precious pictures. Fugues proper do not occur in them; yet even in them Bach uses the fugued form in many ways, for that was the universal art style of the period. But many pieces are found even here of the most simple structure, of the most graceful melodic charm, of an enchanting and (especially in the Sarabands) deep sentiment, nay, of the most delectable, transporting humor; for, indeed, we may remark this by the way, Bach, next to Beethoven, is the greatest humorist in the realm of music (a side of him which perhaps is the least generally recognized); and he confirms the old truth, that the richest fullness of this quickening and refreshing gift of God is apt to dwell within the most deeply earnest natures, of which we have such an illustrious and far-shining example in the domain of poetry in Shakespeare.

One other art form might be named alongside of the Suite and the Sonata, which, historically, should be inserted between these two, as standing somewhat nearer to the later Sonata; and yet, on the whole, it is to be counted more decidedly with the Suite tribe, I mean the so-called *Partita*, of which we possess several by Bach, and which in grandeur far surpass the Suites. An anthology of the most magnificent tone-pictures might be made up of these alone.

But Bach appears complete in all his greatness, with a mastership never again reached, or approached but from afar, in his celebrated "Thirty Variations," and his still more celebrated fugue-samples under the name of the *Well-tempered Clavichord*, each of the two parts of which contains 24 fugues, introduced by preludes, in all the major and minor keys; this stands unique in the whole literature of musical art. I can properly forbear to add more to the praise of this astonishing double work, inasmuch as I have already done my part towards it in a larger writing, especially devoted to this work, which appeared twelve years ago in book form from the press of Breitkopf & Härtel. Bach as a fugue composer (speaking, of course, always in the general, and without wishing in the least to draw too near to the master creations of earlier or later times) is as unique and in certain respects incomparable (*hors de concours*) as Beethoven in his Sonatas and Symphonies, Schubert in his Songs, and Mozart "whilom" (*bislang*)¹ as an opera composer. And the same mark (of the very highest creative energy) characterizes in like manner each of these corypheuses of music in his own respective field, — this, namely: that every one of their creations appears completely individualized, so that no one of them is like another, either in outward form or spirit, and each (with vanishing exceptions) presents itself as a special, clearly distinct organism. If one wishes to form a conception

¹ Is this an ironical compliment to Wagner? — Ed.

of what a fullness of the richest, liveliest play of fancy, soul, and feeling this fugue form, so frequently condemned as stiff and dry, can take up into itself, let him gain it, as he can and will if he have any susceptibility, from the study of this imperishable work, — in which, moreover, little as one might expect it, the great humorist not seldom takes up the word. To be sure, this study, in whatever way pursued, has its difficulties, and presupposes a considerable preparation, as well theoretical as practical.

Strictly taken, his *Well-tempered Clavichord* cannot properly be classed with the pianoforte literature, at least in so far as Bach in his conception of it hardly thought of its execution on the "clavichord." Rather do these two-, three-, four-, and five-part fugues seem quite ideally conceived (with the Preludes, which precede them, the case is different, to be sure); they might be executed just as well, and even better, by stringed instruments, since the strict separation of the single, individual voices (parts), with their strictly polyphonic leading, is well-nigh impossible on the piano; when each voice is assigned to a particular instrument, it comes out more clearly and appreciably; and then the technical execution is subject to no such great difficulty as on the piano, which presupposes, at least in the tied (*legato*) style, a high degree of virtuosity, since it not only requires great fluency, with perfect independence of the several fingers, but in the over-rich polyphony of the movement and the limitations it induces often calls for the most ingenious fingering, to say nothing of the broader and higher artistic conditions implied in a satisfactory rendering. (Already Mozart, led probably by the recognition of this fact, had transcribed some of these fugue pieces for bow instruments; and I have myself followed this example, having, through Breitkopf & Härtel, published eight of them in such an arrangement.)

And just as this fugue work stands universally recognized for something unique and alone in the whole art literature of music, an imperishable monument of a gigantic mind, to which the most complicated tone combinations were an easy play of fancy, so too we may boldly claim as such a *unicum* the above-named set of Variations, in spite of all the great and splendid works which later masters have produced in this form. A large part of these Variations is wrought in polyphonic canon form, this quite in the manner of Bach, through all the intervals, from the prime to the tenth. And with all the astonishing art with which these pictures are executed, at the same time what ease, leaving all this expenditure of art scarcely perceptible! What grace! What overflowing life and spirit! What deep feeling! This work is at the same time one of the most beautiful and most euphonious of the wonderful, sublime master. For, we may remark in passing, pure beauty, *sensuous beauty of sound*, is one of the qualities comparatively most seldom found in the otherwise so astonishing, powerful, and in many ways transporting and enchanting creations of this incomparable genius. The indescribably high, inward, and profound enjoyment they afford to listeners who are susceptible is often more of the intellectual, spiritual sort, and such as stirs the inmost soul, rather

than such as gratifies the ear with that pure euphony which springs only from the equilibrium of all the art factors; whereas in Bach, generally speaking, the technical element preponderates, though in the most thoroughly inspired form. On the one hand, his delight in the technical, in pure musical forms, on the other, the lofty, mighty sweep of his ideas, rendered him less susceptible to that sensuous euphony which we find so ravishing in the works of his great followers. And his, too, was the stand-point of the whole art culture of that time.

(To be continued.)

THE BRAIN IN PIANO PLAYING.

I HAD not long ago a conversation with my friend, Dr. J. S. Jewell, one of the best informed men regarding mental and nervous action that this country contains. He tells me that the nerves of sense-perception terminate in the cortex (or outer coat) of the brain, every kind of sense-perception having its own group of cells. These groups of cells in different parts of the brain communicate with each other by means of commissural fibres. Ideation (as I understand him) is supposed to be the result of a comparison or reaction of the impressions of one cell or group with another or others, carried on by means of these connecting fibres.

In fetal life the cortex of the brain is scarcely, if at all, occupied by cells, and in childhood but sparsely so. Every added thought or knowledge signifies the addition of new cells and the connecting fibres necessary to coördinate the ideas composing the knowledge, or to coördinate the motions if the new acquisition is a matter of mechanical skill. Such an addition to the thinking material of the brain is the physical accompaniment of every advance in knowledge, as, for instance, the acquisition of a strange language. This kind of growth goes on with more and more difficulty as the individual advances in life and nutrition falls below current demands. Hence the difficulty of learning when one is old.

Passing with mere mention the corollary that this view makes the mind the stimulant and in fact the creator of the thinking organism, I call attention to the light it throws on certain well-known facts pertaining to piano playing:—

(1.) Technique acquired in childhood is of a much more satisfactory and complete kind than that first obtained after the body has approached maturity. (Because, in childhood, nutrition is ready in large surplus, and there is as yet plenty of spare room in the upper story for finishing off new apartments.)

(2.) So also in regard to the practical mastery of rhythms. Whoever studies Mason's Piano-forte Technique carefully will observe a certain want of correspondence between the chapters on rhythm and the practical exercises among the scales and arpeggios. The defect, if defect it be, happened in consequence of the practical exercises having been first written with a view of including only the most useful forms for practice. But subsequently, in preparing the explanatory chapters on rhythm, I discovered that all *direct* rhythms (*i. e.*, all rhythms arising from the uniform subdivision of the units) could be reduced to twos and threes, and that therefore they must be built up out of twos and threes. For although a smart pupil might well enough leap at once into the very midst of things and play a rhythm of nines and twelves without difficulty, I was constantly finding pupils unable to compute, for example, sixes as two threes, though perfectly able to compute them as three twos. The difficulty evidently is in not being able to compute

in threes. It is therefore necessary for them to play for some time in triple measure, counting "one, two, three," and afterwards "one," omitting to count the two and three, until the triplet is established as the unit of measurement. Now in this process very curious inabilities appear. For example, this very day I had a pupil unable to play the scale in triplets. After some time in counting one to each tone she became able to play triplets counting only "one" with the first note of each triplet. I then tried to have her play the scale in sixes, but she made it "sixes and sevens" by putting in four in place of the second triplet in about every alternate measure. I then tried to have her play triplets, saying "two" as she struck the first note of each. This she was entirely unable to do, although I directed her to try it, counting "two and a" with each triplet, as well as in figures "two, two, three." The two demoralized her completely. Her mathematical instinct seemed to cry out, "Two in three you can't." Now when I get her able to play triplets, counting only "two," I shall carry it on until she can play them counting "three," "four," and so on.

Rhythmic accentuation and the accompanying computation Dr. Jewell thinks is done from the cerebellum. Pupils having difficulty with these rhythmic computations have in general a defective sense of number, and experience similar difficulty in arithmetic and mathematics generally.

Those who have not thought of it will be surprised to observe how much of the climax in great works rests on rhythmic foundations. That is to say, in orchestral works especially one finds that each repetition of the theme brings with it a higher rhythmic motion; so that it is not unusual to find a compound rhythm wherein the leading voice has one tone to a unit, one part of the accompaniment two notes to one of the melody, and another part three or four to one of these. In Beethoven's Sonata in C minor, Op. 111, there is a three times three of this kind, that is, an accompaniment in triplets, and another in triplets to that.

(3.) This also throws light on the process of learning a new piece. Every concert player or advanced teacher knows that a difficult piece is not to be taken up and mastered at a gulp. But it is repeatedly practiced for a while, and then laid aside for a time; and in this way only is it to be brought to thorough finish. Now this signifies, evidently, the fact that a piece containing something essentially *new* requires new cells, or at least new communicating fibres in the brain. These are established more and more completely with each new study of the piece, until finally it is fully mastered and belongs to the common stock of every-day music-thinking.

(4.) This also shows why new ideas are not more readily received, no matter how true they are. Indeed, I am not sure but a false idea is more easily received by the generality. For a lie goes dodging about the brain, helping itself to any line of communication, while poor honest truth has to wait until slow-moving conservatism builds the needed bridge. Folks can't think new thoughts all at once. They have n't the tools. Schumann's music had to wait for a generation to be built with brains to receive it, and Wagner has fared much the same.

And to wind up with an illustrious example, the Lord of Life and Glory has been all these six thousand years or more trying to get up a pattern of human brains in which truth and honesty would always keep the track, while lies and cheating would always go into the ditch.

(5.) Habit has a physical basis.

W. S. B. MATHEWS.

CHICAGO, ILL., 1879.

THE SALZBURG MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From the Vienna Neue Freie Presse.)

It is *not* raining! This will suffice for every one who knows Salzburg. It is tantamount to reminding him of one of the most beautiful sights on earth. The splendid town, exciting the ecstasy or the rage of all travelers, according as it glints in the sunshine or sulks in eternities of rain, lies to-day stretched out luxuriously under a clear blue sky and a bright sun. At a very early hour I felt impelled to ascend the Capuzinerberg, that enchanting rock, which, as the inscription carved in stone announces, was assigned as a retreat by an undoubtedly rich and probably unhappy archbishop to the "paupero ac felici Cappuccino." While wandering about on the hill of the poor and happy Capuchin monk, and reveling in one view after another, I was thinking of anything but the Festival concert. Or at any rate, I thought that we ought to greet thankfully any motive, and consequently the present musical one, which brought so many human beings, with a sense of the beautiful and a longing for freedom, out of their hot work-rooms and the "crushing narrowness of the streets," and enable them to drink in, with full draughts and to their hearts' content, the beauties of such a landscape. If after such a delightful day's work, you feel inclined to gratify yourself and others with some music in the evening, translating, so to speak, into tune the impressions of nature you have enjoyed during the day, all the better. This landscapey-picturesque point of view, whence the Salzburg Musical Festival is beheld as the goal of a musical pleasure trip, is not only the most inviting, but perhaps the only one, for any person writing an account of the proceedings. Quite in keeping with the character of an artist's country outing were, to begin with, the concerts with which some members of the orchestra delighted certain small towns, as they passed through them, so to say, on their pilgrimage hither. Thus, for instance, Schantel, the player on the French horn, and Moser, the harpist, gave a most crowded concert at Waidhofen on the Ybbs, the feat being rendered possible by the existence there of a zealous *Liedertafel*, admirably trained by Friedrich Schiffler.

A critic bound merely to supply the Viennese public with new and interesting musical information respecting this Festival, which includes nothing but well-known compositions executed in the well-known manner, would have finished almost ere he began. He would simply have to copy out the programme, and add in a tope of unclouded satisfaction: "Everything went off without a fault and also without rain." At the first concert on Thursday evening, the members of the Vienna Philharmonic, under Hanns Richter's experienced guidance, performed the overtures to *Die Zauberflöte* and *Manfred*; Schubert's B minor Symphony of two movements; and Beethoven's Seventh. Herr Joseph Hellmesberger (the hereditary prince) played with uncommon elegance and correctness Bach's Violin Concerto, so often — nay, almost exclusively — selected by him. Mme. Clementine Schuch-Proska chose two Mozartean airs, one of which (from *Idomeneo*) moves in a simple and expressive *cantilena*, while the other (that of the Queen of Night) contains the most brilliant specimens of scale and *staccato bravura* in the highest notes. The lady's voice sounded full and fresh through the hall, which possesses excellent acoustic qualities, and her artistic delivery, remarkable for its good taste, elicited a storm of applause. The arrangements in the spacious but somewhat bare *Aula* of the Salzburg Gymnasium were the same as they were two years ago,

and perfectly satisfactory. The applause could not have been warmer or more prolonged. The attendance, however, especially in the foremost and dearest reserved seats, was unfortunately not so numerous as it should have been on the occasion of such a pleasing event, simply of incalculable value to Salzburg, as the performance of the Philharmonic. That a large portion of the local nobility and of the high clergy should omit to seize the opportunity of proving their sense for art was an especial subject of regret.

The second concert (Friday's) failed, on the whole, to go off so successfully as the first, and could hardly be heard to the end without a considerable feeling of weariness. In the first place, a summer's evening is not favorable to grand concerts; the heat soon becomes oppressive, and the artificial illumination, struggling with the daylight from without, looks dull and gloomy. Of all the pieces in the programme, by far the strongest impression was produced—as on so very many previous occasions—by Beethoven's *Leonore Overture*, No. 3. Coming immediately after this fiery stream of tone, Mozart's Concerto for Two Pianos was inevitably too pale. It is pleasing society-music, for the most part conventional in purport, and of a style of virtuosity long since left behind; at any rate, the first movement would have been quite sufficient in so very long a programme. The charming concerted playing of the Brothers Thern could not prevent the work in its entirety from wearying the audience, the more especially, as there was rather a good deal of Mozart played in succession: the Piano-forte Concerto in three movements, Susanna's "Garden Air," which Mme. Schuch-Proska repeated by desire, and the E-flat major Symphony in four movements. To these must be added Beethoven's Violin Concerto, so nearly related in form and expression to the style of Mozart. Herr M. Graun, the *Concertmeister*, exhibited astounding dash and lasting power in two grand cadences, but unfortunately often fell foul of pure intonation. During the whole Festival Richard Wagner was represented by only two short pieces: the prelude to the third act of *Die Meistersinger* and Hanns Sachs's monologue, "Was duftelt doch der Flieder." Including as they do so many more important and more effective compositions by Wagner among their stock pieces, the members of the Philharmonic might have been expected to make a more appropriate selection. Hanns Sachs's monologue belongs, it is true, to the purest and most characteristic scenes of the opera, but in a concert-room is very unthankful for the vocalist and not very intelligible to an audience unfamiliar with *Die Meistersinger*. Still more unintelligible, when torn out of the opera, must be the short prelude to the third act. But supposing the two pieces to be once set down for the second concert, the prelude ought most undoubtedly to have been given immediately after the monologue, and thus they would have mutually explained and enhanced each other. Why Herr Richter inserted between these two *Meistersinger* fragments an air by Mozart and Beethoven's Violin Concerto is not very clear to us. The singer charged to give the Hanns Sachs monologue was Dr. Emil Kraus, formerly a member of the Imperial Opera House, Vienna, and now first baritone at the Cologne Theatre. He acquitted himself of his difficult and not very thankful task in a masterly manner. We found his voice stronger and more ringing, and his style more expressive, than during his Vienna engagement, and the capital is most truly a loser by his secession. He would be a valuable acquisition not merely for the Opera House, but for oratorios and concerts in Vienna.

The third and last concert of the Festival was restricted to the domain of chamber-music, piano-

forte compositions, and songs, the orchestra taking no part in it. Two ladies—the Countess Spaur, a virtuosa on the harp, and a Mlle. Brünnicke, a concert-singer from Magdeburg—sent apologies for their absence through indisposition, so Mme. Schuch-Proska reigned even more than on the previous evening as undisputed queen. After giving two well-known songs by Schumann and Mendelssohn, with pleasing expression, but a not over-intelligible style of pronunciation, she was led on, amid continuous applause, by Dr. Kraus, with whom she sang the duet "Reich' mir die Hand, mein Leben," from *Don Juan*. This piece, not included in the programme, and, so to speak, something extempore, was naturally welcomed here above all places with unbounded satisfaction. Dr. Kraus achieved, too, with his songs (Brahms, Robert Franz, and J. Sucher) complete success. The string-quartet was represented by Herren Grün, Karl Hofmann, Zöllner, and Giller, of Vienna, and the piano by the Brothers Thern, who executed, in masterly fashion, on two pianos, Schumann's Andante with Variations, Beethoven's Turkish March, and a Waltz by Chopin. This *matinée* was of a more unpretending and more homely character than the two evening concerts; it seemed, however, to satisfy the audience none the less for that, but, on the contrary, to suit their taste exceptionally well.

A grand musical gathering, with concerts on three days, and festive arrangements of every description, may certainly with perfect justice be entitled a Musical Festival. But the local organ of the "International Mozart Institute" is in error when it claims for that Institute the merit of having been the first "to pave the way for naturalizing in Austria musical festivals such as have long been living realities on the banks of the Rhine, in Germany." The Salzburg Festival has neither the character nor the importance of the German meetings. These are carried out by the combined efforts of all the musical resources of an entire province. For instance, all the orchestral and vocal associations of the surrounding country coöperate in the musical festivals of the Lower Rhine, which are held alternately at Düsseldorf, Cologne, and Aix-la-Chapelle; every musician or amateur is ready with his voice or his instrument, and the different choral unions, of which the female members, married and unmarried, belong to the best classes, study all through the winter the oratorios chosen for the following Whitsuntide. On this account the German Musical Festivals are important events for the whole population, and a means of national musical education of incalculable value. Here in Salzburg, on the contrary, the coöperation of home-artists and amateurs is entirely wanting; as at the first, so at this second, festival, there appears to have been a certain marked intention to exclude local instrumentalists and singers. As long as the so-called "Way-Paver" does not employ local executants and complete the programmes by grand choral music, we can properly speak only of Philharmonic Concerts given in Salzburg by the band of the Imperial Opera House, Vienna, supplemented by two or three soloists. The inhabitants of the Rhenish Provinces take part themselves in the performance, while the Salzburger listen to others,—that is the difference. When Baron Sterneek succeeds in musically educating the population of Salzburg—nationally, and not internationally—we will willingly call him a "Way-Paver" for Mozart. The "International Mozart Institute" has, on the occasion of this second Musical Festival, issued a report, carefully and zealously prepared by its secretary, Herr Johann Ev. Engl. The report is headed by a biography and portrait of the president of the "International Mozart In-

stitute," Baron Carl von Sterneek, Imperial and Royal Superior Finance Inspector, on the Retired List, for Salzburg. Then comes an exhaustive statement of the financial position of the Institute from 1869 to 1879. Two years ago I frankly expressed in these columns certain misgivings caused in my mind by the exceedingly numerous and high-flying—but at the same time obscure—plans of the association. It was therefore with all the greater interest that I took up the last report, which of course shows officially what, after ten years' existence, the "International Mozart Institute" has realized of its lofty plans,—what it has positively effected.

I own that, from the strong tone of self-satisfaction taken by the "Mozart Institute," I expected some important practical results. But though the minute accounts of the Festival-Report afford evidence of astounding and indefatigable zeal on the part of the committee in making the "International Mozart Institute" known and famous throughout, and even beyond the limits of Europe, they leave us in a romantic semi-obscure as to what we really owe the Institute. We are informed that a fully empowered agent of the Institute undertook two long "canvassing journeys" through Germany; that a second such agent went as far as Paris, London, and Egypt; that "applications were made to the directors of German railways for free traveling in the service of the Institute;" and that "artistically ornamented applications were sent to reigning princes that they would be pleased to subsidize the Institute." Recourse is had to "advertising placards for watering-places, hotels, and railway stations;" "honorary diplomas in artistic envelopes" to Baron Hofmann, Minister of State, to Count Beust, and others; "petitions to the Embassies and Consulates in Germany, Holland, Italy, and America," etc. We may well congratulate the "International Mozart Institute" on the zeal, on the persevering and courageous efforts, of its accredited agents and canvassers, who have already gathered in some fine, ringing crops. The Institute succeeded even in getting up a concert in London, with the coöperation of Mme. Patti. It possesses now a capital of nearly 23,000 florins. But in the financial returns for the last ten years we have not found the slightest hint that as much as a single kreutzer has been expended for "the support of poor musicians." Yet this humane task is, "with the foundation of a Conservatory," set forth as the most important of the many missions of the "International Mozart Institute." We fear that the epithet of "International" will be fatal, and with its boastful sound everywhere prove prejudicial to the dearest and most necessary national interests of the Institute. As the "appeal" announces, the association is to become a "Schiller Institute" for musicians. But the gentlemen know very well that the Schiller Institute cares only for German poets and authors, and never thinks of assisting also the authors of England, Spain, or any other foreign country. The Schiller Institute confines itself to one object, which it keeps well in view and consistently follows. Nor does it think of organizing prize competitions, or of erecting an International Theatrical Academy at Marbach, simply because Schiller was born there, and because, in addition, the surrounding country is beautiful. The project of establishing in Salzburg (side by side with the already existing public school of music, the Mozarteum) a new and independent Conservatory, an "International" Conservatory in the grand style, is based on a strong self-delusion of the committee, and there is something downright childish about the reason assigned (at page 59 of the pamphlet), that "by its wonderful position, placed by Humboldt on an equality with that of

Naples and that of Constantinople, and its cheapness, Salzburg offers the Conservatory the most favorable conditions of success." It is only a large town, possessing an opera-house, an active concert system, and a considerable public fond of music, which can attract and retain the elements of a good Conservatory, and offer guarantees for the highest art-education of the young musician. This subject must be mooted again in these columns, because it occupies a first place among the international fancies entertained by the founders of the Salzburg Institute. But there does not seem to be any hurry, and I think I may quietly reserve for future years the continuation of my strictures. EDOUARD HANSLICK. — *Lond. Mus. World.*

A WORD OF WARNING.

THE PERILS OF YOUNG AMERICAN GIRLS IN EUROPEAN CITIES.

[From the American (Paris) Register.]

Two very able letters in the New York *Herald* have recently called attention to the peculiar trials and temptations attendant on the career of a female student of singing in Milan. The accomplished correspondent evidently was well acquainted with the facts of the case, and set them forth in a vivid and effective manner. Yet it does not need a residence in Milan itself to awaken the American dweller in Europe to a sense of the very striking objections that exist to the sojourn of a young American girl, alone and unprotected, in any of the large cities of continental Europe. To send a young girl to any one of those cities to study singing under these conditions is simply to place her on the high road to perdition. She may not journey to that dreadful goal. We are proud to say that there are many brave hearts and pure souls among our young girl students of singing that can encounter unscathed the perils of even so terrible an ordeal. But those perils exist, and, instead of ignoring them, it is the duty of all those who become acquainted with them to point them out and render them visible to the eyes of those who may be called upon to encounter them. Our American girls, possessing the traditional beauty of their nationality, and with their frank, free ways, gained in the one land on earth where innocence is its own safeguard, and the weakness of womanhood is its own best protection, are peculiarly unfitted to cope with the ways and wiles of European cities. An American gentleman, for instance, who was long a student of singing at Milan, once told the writer of these lines that there existed in that city a band of men who made it their business to sit in front of the cafés of that city to watch for the newly arrived American girls, as a hunter watches for the pheasant or the stag that he intends to slay. And these men being, as a rule, handsome, accomplished, and fascinating, they are all the better prepared to hunt down their prey.

Let us imagine the would-be *prima donna* as she comes abroad, alone, unguarded, armed only with her fair face, her fresh, young voice and the inexperience of her twenty years. These years have probably been passed in the tranquil seclusion of some New England town or Western village. She has been the star of the principal church choir, and the reigning musical sensation at all the tea-parties. Her voice is considered equal to that of Nilsson by those who have heard the Swedish songstress, and consequently are well prepared to give an opinion. It is thought a shame that such talent and such gifts should be left undeveloped. Sympathizing friends make up a purse for the young singer, or some one wealthy amateur generously undertakes to defray the expenses of her musical education. She comes to Milan, and without preparation or transition she

finds herself at once swept into the whirl of the corrupt, brilliant life of a great European city. Poor, frail, helpless bark, launched rudderless and captainless upon a stormy sea, what wonder is it if disaster and wreck overtake it? And her little store of money is just so much bait to have the pirate crew of impresarios and teachers set all sail in pursuit. It is, too, an undeniable fact that the manners and habits of American girls, innocent as their harmless freedoms of speech and manners may be, are such as to repel the best classes of Italian women. The respectable Italian girl, of the middle classes especially, is bred up in almost Oriental seclusion, surpassing in that respect even her French contemporary. She sits in the house knitting stockings or studying her breviary, and she looks with reprehension on the fair-faced, free-mannered foreigners, with their gay attire and coquettish ways. Thus are the new-comers shut out from companionship that might aid them in learning the ways and manners of the stranger land. On the contrary, they are thrown in contact with a fast set, both from England and the United States, who have come to Italy ostensibly to study, but in reality to have "a good time." And the consequences of such association can better be imagined than described.

We repeat that we do not mean to say that there are not many American girls who go to study music in Milan, and who, nevertheless, pass triumphant and unscathed through all the trials and temptations of their career. We can, on the contrary, point with pride to such ornaments to their sex and their chosen profession as Mme. Emma Albani, Miss Thursby, and Miss Abbott. But the fact remains the same as set forth by the Milan correspondent. They are patent to any resident in Europe who is interested in the career of his or her young countrywomen who go to that city to study music.

TALKS ON ART. — SECOND SERIES.¹

FROM INSTRUCTIONS OF MR. WILLIAM M. HUNT TO HIS PUPILS.

XII.

WHAT are you doing?

"Trying to draw that tea-pot."

There's a great deal of time wasted in trying.

"But I can't get it right."

Make up your mind that you can't get it right. Don't try to get it so very exact. At the same time you need not try *not* to. You can't do your best when you're trying. You act as if this were your last chance for redemption. Make a joke of it, — a recreation.

It is n't what you *see*, but what you *feel*, that will make your work interesting. You can look at a thing and *see* it, but that's nothing. You can look at something which may give you an emotion. That's *feeling*!

Facts don't amount to anything. Cyclopedias are full of them. It's an individual's expression of a thing that's interesting.

Paint as if putting on plaster; here, there, there. Let it lie. Then unite with a clean brush.

You could paint that face in fifteen minutes if you knew what to do, which shows what tremendous margin you can allow your mind without taxing it. If you know the form of that face you can draw it. See how you draw from memory! You don't think of that sonata which you heard yesterday afternoon. We always move one peg along. You can sit and look at that face and learn just as well as if you had char-

coal, oil, water-color, varnish, and a frame. A great saving of time and materials. Look at it half an hour every day, and you could paint it. If you gaze at a thing with any kind of thought you get an impression.

Perfect simplicity of expression! In this country only martyrs attain to it. Abraham Lincoln had it. John Brown had it. I saw the latter refuse oysters once at a party, because "he was not hungry." I said to a friend, — and Brown was not celebrated then, not having been hanged! — "There's something remarkable about that man! Did you ever know a man to refuse oysters at a party because he was not hungry?" He did not take champagne because he was "not thirsty." Held the glass as you would hold a doll for a baby. Was not going to gorge himself, — a man with such a destiny and such a work before him!

You could draw that spinning-wheel so that it would make you buzz to look at it. It ought to sing with the play of light and color. Millet would have done it with the utmost simplicity, but with extreme care. Draw it, in every detail, with perfect accuracy, and then simplify it. Make it look *fat*.

That portrait was painted almost wholly with *terre-verte brulée*, which is so neutral that if you add white you get a tender yellow. It has the umbery quality, like the shadow of gold. Harmonizes with anything. Can work it into everything, it is so tender and sympathetic. You can change it to almost everything.

It takes no longer to make a memory-sketch than to tie up your shoe-strings; and it is just as much an object for you to draw as to put on your shoes.

You keep your hands going, going. If you knew how to paint as you know how to make an 8, you could do it.

I don't believe in the modern French school. The true French masters came in a great wave, which began with Géricault, and ended with Daubigny. All the facile doing of the men of to-day counts not at all, and never will. It is merely a mercantile development. These men might have painted differently. It is this looking after perfection that I tell you not to do. *Do what you do while you do it!* with thumbs or elbows. There's going to be painting that is perfectly simple, — the simple expression of simple forms. To do this a man must be tremendously strong.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1879.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MUSIC. By WILLIAM POLE, Mus. Doc., Oxon., etc. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

THIS handsome duodecimo of 316 pages contains the substance of a course of lectures delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain in February and March, 1877. It is an attempt to construct a philosophy of music upon the basis of the important discoveries of the profound German physicist Helmholtz, as embodied in his great work "Die Lehre von den Tonempfindungen," etc. (*The Doctrine of the Perception of Musical Sounds, considered as a Physiological Basis for the Theory of Music.*) Dr. Pole has evidently a scientific turn of mind, is skeptical of mere tradi-

¹ Copyright, 1879, by Helen M. Knowlton.

tions and conjectures, trusts no idealisms, but follows Helmholtz's critical method of inquiry in getting at the natural facts and laws which underlie the questions and the practices of musical art, being particularly bent on finding the division line between what is dictated by natural laws, and what must be relegated to the vague region of aesthetics. We could wish that he were a little clearer in his definition of aesthetics, and that he had also entered into the possibly fruitful inquiry, whether that also has not its philosophy, its natural laws. Indeed, from the way in which he dismisses several questions, we rather get the impression that he uses the term *aesthetic* as tantamount to arbitrary, and mere matter of shifting taste and custom. Be this as it may, the book is full of valuable suggestion and instruction; and in a singularly clear and readable way presents the history of these inquiries, sums up the results of what others have written, such men as Rameau, Hauptmann, etc., and is really a complete, though brief, survey of all that is essential to an intelligent general idea of that very subtle, complicated art called Music.

He treats the subject under three heads: I. The Material of Music, i. e., musical sounds. II. Elementary Arrangements of the Material, i. e., the selection out of the infinite variety of sounds, and the arrangement into scales of such sounds as may be available for use. III. The Structure of Music, including Melody, Harmony, Counterpoint, in fact, musical composition of whatever form.

Under the first head he enumerates the important works on Acoustics; shows how sound is produced, transmitted, and perceived; what are the special characteristics of musical sounds, their pitch, their strength, their individual character (color, *timbre*), explaining this last from the grand discovery of Helmholtz, his doctrine of "overtones" (harmonics); ending with a very interesting chapter on the theoretical nature of the sounds of all the various kinds of musical instruments, including the various qualities of human voices, matters upon which Helmholtz has shed a vast deal of light. We cannot see how all this portion of the task could have been more satisfactorily executed within such limits.

Part II. treats, of course, of musical intervals and scales; traces the history of the musical scale; inquires into the theoretical nature of the diatonic scale (both the ancient and the modern), and to what extent it is founded on natural laws; discusses the Greek and the Church modes, the modern tonality, and the modern diatonic scale as influenced by harmony; the chromatic and the minor scale, systems of temperament, etc., ending with a chapter on Time, Rhythm, and Musical Form.

In all this there is much that is sound and excellent; but it is just here that we meet with symptoms of what seems to us an undue leaning to the skeptical and empirical way of dealing with the question. We say the question, for the true theory of the musical scale is the question whose solution solves all the other questions here involved. Now the author, while he cautions us against the one extreme of supposing the succession of sounds in the scale to be entirely empirical and arbitrary, speaks of the opposite error of "deducing all the notes of the scale from harmonic relations," and seems to find sufficient ground for calling this an error in the fact that scales existed before harmony was known. He admits the *natural* origin of two intervals, the *octave* and the *fifth*; but declares that the other steps are "irregular," and "were originally settled by artificial means." They may have been originally settled so; practice in most matters precedes theory; instinct gropes its way to use long before the laws underlying them can be de-

termined. But does this prove that the musical scale—our modern diatonic scale—is not founded in natural laws of sound? What is the beautiful law of "overtones," then, good for? The scale is a trinity; all its tones spring from three *roots* (to use a term to which Dr. Pole seems to have an unreasonable aversion). Those three roots, or fundamentals, are indispensable to any music; without them no unity, no musical progression, melodic or harmonic, is possible. Every melody must have its central tone, or tonic, or keynote; but melody must move, and its first step must be to some tone, which is either one of its own simplest harmonics, or one of the harmonics of its *fifth* or *dominant*, or of that tone of which it is itself in the same way the fifth, that is, the *subdominant*. Now the first overtones of the tonic give us the *third* and *fifth* of the scale; those of the dominant give the *second* and the *seventh*; the subdominant, with its overtones, gives the *fourth* and the *sixth*. There we have all the tones of the scale. Why is this not a natural origin? All that strikes us as artificial or empirical about it is the limitation of the scale to the conveniences of use. It were easy to imagine a much lengthier scale of many more degrees by taking in the higher overtones. It would facilitate the right understanding of the matter if we would write our scale differently; i. e., if, instead of rising from C to its octave, we should put the keynote in the centre and go from F, subdominant, up to C, then from C up to G dominant. This is music reduced to the simplest practicable system. But the semitones (chromatics, accidentals) have equally a natural origin. For in the first place we must never forget that all melody implies harmony. Now, if in passing from the tonic harmony, or centre of rest, into a tone belonging to another root, as the dominant, say G, we conclude to stay there for a while, making that the keynote and centre, then comes in an accidental; the *seventh* must be *sharped*; or if we pay F a visit and abide there, we need a flattened *fourth*, and so on from key to key until we have all the semitones and the chromatic scale. The old Greek scales, or modes, were only gropings after the true ideal scale which is founded in nature. As Goethe saw in a fish only a sheathed man, not having got its legs and arms out, so the Greek scale, lacking the semitones while harmony remained unknown, was only an imperfect, "sheathed" scale, waiting to get its legs and arms out, or its means of freer movement and of modulation. Really its several "modes," Lydian, Dorian, etc., were all one scale, only beginning at different points, and that the same as our diatonic scale, but unavailable for modulation. This may not be a scientific (for we are no scientist), but it does seem to us to be a rational, a natural, a simple explanation of the matter. Of course we can only touch upon one or two of the questions arising in this part of the work.

Part III. is after all the most important, treating as it does of the actual structure of music,—musical art as such. Its chapters on Melody (which it rightly calls the oldest form, but how can he say the "essential basis" of music?); on the history of Harmony, its theoretical rules and systems, its elementary and its compound combinations, or chords, with Helmholtz's physical theory of consonances and dissonances; on Harmonic Progressions, etc., are all extremely valuable, although we might still take issue here and there with the empirical spirit to which we have already alluded. For instance, the rule forbidding parallel fifths and octaves in the progression of parts in harmony, which all musicians hold to be so essential, and which is commonly taught among the first things in the treatises on harmony, is here ignored until almost the very end

of the book; and then, scarcely regarding the simple and obvious reason for the rule, which is that such *fifths* rudely break off the relations of tonality, he seeks in vain for better reasons. In regard to *octaves* he finds a good enough reason in the fact that these add nothing to the musical statement,—are a sort of musical tautology, we might say. But it is strange that the author cites a series of fifths (triads upon each note of the scale), and asserts that there is no reason in nature why they should not sound agreeably, and that in fact it is all a matter of habit that we do not find them quite as pleasing as any other chord progression! Indeed, it seems to be our author's cue to oust nature wherever it is possible, and put the whole responsibility for the rules and practices, the forms and the results, of music upon the shoulders of the aesthetic element, the taste of periods and peoples, and the inventive genius of the composers. And for this he claims justification and ground of pride when he says, near the end of his summing up: "One thing, when well considered, ought to further the acceptance of the [these] 'philosophical views'; namely, how much they tend to exalt the art of music, and the merits of the great composers. The ordinary belief, that everything that a great musician writes ought to be 'accounted for,' i. e., brought into conformity with some imagined natural rule, is no very complimentary tribute to his genius; it is infinitely more ennobling to believe, as the philosophical theory leads us to believe, that the musical forms are really the outcome of the composer's own art,—the offspring of his prolific imagination." A pleasant thought, indeed, and creditable to the author's sincere musical enthusiasm; but does it prove that science and imagination, any more than science and religion, ever need to quarrel? Law may cover all the ground, and still imagination will have "ample room and verge enough." Genius asks no liminary favors in the race.

But it is in his chapter on Counterpoint that our author appears to best advantage, and has our fullest sympathy. He pays a noble tribute to the transcendent worth and beauty of that old art of weaving independent (or rather individual) melodies of the four or more parts into a wondrous web of harmony, which Palestrina, and then Bach and Handel, carried to a pitch of almost divine perfection. And he mourns over the neglect into which this highest style of composition has fallen in our day. Especially would we thank him for the pregnant sentences which he translates from Hauptmann's *Letters to Hauser*, of which we have room at present only for this one:—

"The true meaning of harmony is, that it arises from a combination of melodies sounded simultaneously. This, which was the most important thing in olden times, is now neglected. In good modern writing, the bass is indeed given good relations to the melody, but the middle parts are filled in with rubbish simply to complete the chords. The lifted pedal will then bind the whole into a compact mass, but any organization in it is out of the question. I have nothing to say against all this, but would rather have nothing to do with it."

In conclusion we can only say, that these lectures by Dr. Pole on "The Philosophy of Music" form a book which no intelligent student of music can afford not to read and ponder.

TANAGRA FIGURINES. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

A FASCINATING subject, very pleasantly and instructively handled. Every lover of art, who has seen those charming little clay figures (twenty-two of them) presented to the Boston Art Museum by T. G. Appleton, Esq., must have felt a keen desire to know more about them, of their date and origin, the age and people that produced, the motive that inspired them, and the

uses for which they were intended. It is, as the author says, "a singular and hitherto unsuspected branch of Greek art, but newly divulged, and already popularized in Europe," that is here investigated. About one thousand of these figurines have been taken from the two thousand tombs which within the last forty years have been explored in the old fortified town of Tanagra, in Bœotia, and distributed through the Museums of the Louvre, of Berlin, and of Great Britain, as well as in private collections. They are the admiration of all who have seen them. Little realistic figures of from six to twelve inches in length, full of grace and beauty, bearing the marks of having been originally colored and even gilded, showing the costume and the airs and manners of their place and time, they speak unmistakably of a period of high development in plastic art. And indeed Tanagra, although Bœotian, — a name that has become a byword for what is rustic, dull, and stupid, — stood on the borders of Attica, near Athens, near Thebes and Aulis (!) where the Greeks embarked for the siege of Troy; and these miniature examples of ancient "picto-sculpture" were coeval with the high period of Attic sculpture between three and four centuries before Christ.

It is singular that in all this time Thebes and Athens were in chronic warfare, and Tanagra was frequently their battle ground; but the artistic tie with Athens was none the less strong. Several other things are singular about these little images. One thing is, that nearly all of them are female figures, and draped; only a very few are nude, or semi-nude, or figures of men. Then they are nearly all so realistic; they seem like portraits of actual people of the time, as you might meet them in the streets, in the very costume that they wore, their curious heart-shaped fans, strange parasol-like coverings of the head, their life-like attitudes, their way of folding their arms under the dress, etc. In only a few instances is any ideal design apparent, anything mythological, emblematic, or patriotic. These few suggest to the author the question whether possibly they may not all be memorials of some great national religious festival. But the strangest trait in common with them all is, that they are nearly all cheerful in expression. "Tanagra figurines are often very pensive, but grief, and all dark passions, are banished from their company. It is strange not to find in the house of death anything kindred to the legends of Niobe and Laocoön, no armor or implements of war where the din of armies resounded so familiarly. Even the Huntress Queen appears with an empty quiver; and Eros, the laughing, winged boy, comes quite disarmed. Search through the entire known list of Tanagra ceramics, and you will not find a note discordant with the expression of peace, gladness, sportiveness, tempered with a mood of pleased attention, or repose. Do not all these figures appear as if forming parts of some dramatic combination, either as actors or as spectators in a joyful celebration?"

Whatever the solution of the enigma, we must all be thankful to the authoress — who, we are told, is a Boston lady who has resided much in Paris — for the valuable information and the fine description which she has embodied in this attractive little volume. It contains good photographs of thirteen of the figurines.

HERMANN GOETZ: HIS CANTATA, "NENIA."

THE genius of this lamented young German composer seems to be more and more recognized abroad, especially in London. First we heard of him through his comic opera on Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew," which we believe Carl

Rosa will introduce into his next season's programme. Then came his Symphony in F (posthumous), admired and played repeatedly in Germany and England, and which it is the intention of the Harvard Musical Association to present in our next season of symphony concerts. This was followed by various works of instrumental chamber music, all mentioned with praise in the London musical journals. More recently a couple of choral works have been produced and published there. The first, a psalm, "By the Waters of Babylon," and now "Nenia," set to a short lament in hexameter and pentameter verses by Schiller, have excited such attention that our own Boylston Club thinks of performing one or both of them next winter. The latter is reviewed in the London *Musical Times* as follows: —

NENIA (Poem by Schiller). For Chorus and Orchestra. Composed by HERMANN GOETZ (Op. 10). The English version by the Rev. J. TROUTBECK, M. A. Novello, Ewer & Co.

When, some short while ago, this work was performed at a concert given by an amateur choral society, we dwelt at such length upon its character and merits that very little remains now to be said. We could not, however, refuse a formal review to a thing of so much beauty and worth, while the fact is incontestable by anybody who has seen this music that public attention cannot, in reason, be too persistently demanded for it. Of one thing we are sure, which is that no amateur who heard Goetz's Psalm, "By the Waters of Babylon," at the initial concert of the London Musical Society, will fail to turn to the work now before us with eager expectation and high hope. The cantata is worthy of the psalm, as the psalm is worthy of any genius vouchsafed to us in modern times. In both there are surprising power, masterful knowledge of technical means and effect, and that incommunicable and inexplicable something which constitutes the quality of greatness. Alas! that we so early lost this master of music, and did not know what a treasure we possessed till after he had been called to rest from his brief and ill-requited labors. But this, in our art, is the real "old, old story," — one that will probably go on till the end of time.

The cantata sets out, after a lengthened and most attractive orchestral prelude, with the motto of the whole work, "And the beautiful must perish," enunciated by the chorus in unaccompanied harmony, and followed by a contrapuntal movement, "What vanquishes men and immortals?" Here the conspicuous freedom with which Goetz wrote under such conditions is fully asserted, but the music is never open to the charge of being merely scholastic. Like a true master, Goetz ever kept in view the highest function of his art as an expression of feeling, and could subordinate all things to it. The chorus closes with a repetition of the "motto," and then a tenor solo, *quasi recitativo*, followed by another for alto, and yet another for bass, makes reference to a case from classic lore in which no power could redeem the dead from the grave. One is reminded here of the grace and beauty with which Mendelssohn illustrated the tragedies of Sophocles; and, indeed, the whole work proves Goetz to have been no stranger to the form and spirit that composer may be said to have invented in "Antigone." At the close of the recitatives we have a chorus in C sharp minor, "But forth she came from the sea," which is from first to last instinct with charm. It would be impossible for us to convey in mere words an idea of the pure loveliness here found. One thinks of Mendelssohn at his best when reading these pages, while all the time conscious of an element which only Goetz could have supplied. The chorus is long extended, but not too long. We can afford to linger over such beauty, and even then feel regret that "the beautiful must perish." In due course, the chorus leads directly to a kind of epilogue (also choral), wherein we find consolation for the evanescence of noble and lovely lives. "Yet a death song upraised by the lips of affection is glorious," sings the poet, adding, "He that is mean and base passes unnoted to the grave." Here Goetz draws together all his energies for a supreme effort, and the result is grand. What earnest, exalted, and expressive music have we now! It is both strong and tender, like all great things in art. Take, for example, the passage, "He that is mean and base," etc., wherein, by the way, we see another reflection of Mendelssohn's spirit. We know but little that is more powerfully true to poetic purport than this, but, indeed, a like observation is applicable to the whole cantata, which should henceforth be a precious possession in the hands of English amateurs. If it be said that we have written a rhapsody instead of a review, our only answer is, that everybody who makes the acquaintance of this work will admit the inevitableness of a rhapsody, and grant the needlessness of a review.

A NEW symphonic composition, *Francesca da Rimini*, by Bazzini, was performed at the thirty-third Popular Concert in Turin.

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

DEFIANCE, O., AUG. 16. — The Musical Institute in session here this summer, under the direction of Prof. S. H. Blakeslee and J. B. Leslie, assisted by Mrs. Ida B. Blakeslee, Mrs. J. B. Leslie, Prof. George A. Andrews, and J. M. Blakeslee, closed on Friday, August 8, with a concert, presenting the following programme: —

PART I.

Von Bree's German Cantata "Saint Cecilia's Day."

PART II.

Violin, De Beriot's 6th Air De Beriot.
Mr. George Andrews.
Solo, "Spring Flowers" Reinecke.
Miss Vie Bevington.
Violin Obligato.
Mr. George Andrews.
C-minor Concerto (Beethoven), with Cadenza . . . Reinecke.
Mrs. Ida Blakeslee.
Orchestral part upon second piano.
Mr. George Andrews.
Vocal Solo, "Waiting" Millard.
Mrs. F. G. Brown.
Violin Obligato.
Mr. George Andrews.

Piano Duet, "Invitation à la Danse" Von Weber.
Mr. and Mrs. Leslie, Mr. and Mrs. Blakeslee.
Chorus, Soldiers' Chorus, "Faust."

For us this was a pretty solid programme; but its admirable execution rendered it very enjoyable.

The Cantata, with a chorus of sixty voices, supported by two pianos, and with Mr. S. H. Blakeslee as director, went off finely from the first to the last note.

Mr. Andrews in his "6th Air" showed himself a thorough student, a master of his instrument.

Of course the great event of the evening was the C-minor Concerto with the Cadenza; first, because it was the first time such a composition has ever been performed in this city; and second, because the selection showed the lady's splendid technique to the best advantage. The Concerto was played in a beautiful and artistic style, and the Cadenza with a steady repose, yet a fire and determination fully worthy of it, while the octave passage was terrific (!)

The work throughout the entire term has been most satisfactory. The membership in the various classes averaged in voice culture, 40; sight reading and psalmody, 40; harmony, 30; teachers' class, 20; chorus, 65; pupils in private classes, 42. Surely this marks an epoch in our musical history. "The Philharmonics" begin regular practice September 1.

PHILADELPHIA, AUG. 20. — A new horror has appeared in the musical world. As if amateur and church choir opera companies had not degraded performance and criticism to a sufficiently low level, we must have added to our list of horrors this new one of the "Baby Opera Troupe," brought out under the management of the American *padrone*, Mr. J. T. Ford, at the South Broad Street Theatre.

The "Baby Pinafore" paid so well that it has been followed by a "Baby Fatinitza," and there is no setting limits just now to the future family of Baby Operas. As long as the public supports by its presence, and the press indorses by its criticism, these crude and unwholesome performances will doubtless continue, for the only question to be answered is, does it pay? All this indicates a low taste in the public, and an ignorance in the critics, which is as inexcusable as lamentable. There may be "millions in it," but there is also a crowd of evils — moral, artistic, physical, and educational — which should demand a halt! in such enterprises from our philanthropists, moralists, teachers, and physicians.

Some little flurry has visited our quiet town in these dog-days over the removal of the "Permanent Exhibition" building ordered by the Park Commission. The general verdict with reflecting minds is that the Park Commission has done right. The "Exhibition" has never enjoyed the confidence or sympathy of our public, and has now degenerated into a mean show on Sundays and a doubtful ball on Wednesdays.

Carl Santy with his military band has had a successful season at the Männerchor Garden Concerts given nightly, and will continue a few weeks yet.

The festivals of the Swiss, Turners, and Bavarians have given great delight to the participants, but did not develop anything new or interesting enough in music worth chronicling in this correspondence.

Aimée's Opera Bouffe Company is announced at the North Broad Street Theatre; Alice Oates' troupe at Arch Street Theatre, but no important movements in music have yet been made known publicly. There may be a local orchestra established either by a revived Musical Fund Society, a rejuvenated Germania Society, or perhaps by a grand combination of talent, wealth, and influence, the *locale* to be the Academy of Music. This latter movement is yet in embryo, but, if it is started, will be attended with a prestige sufficiently powerful to give it a good send-off, and surround its entertainments with success and éclat. More cannot be said at present, as circumstances may change the programme.

The small value of the critiques in our local papers, with a few noble exceptions, has taught the musical portion of the public that they must resort to the journals devoted to this specialty for a truthful and exhaustive treatment of art sub-

jects, and hence there is, with us at least, a more generous support of such enterprises. Among professional ladies and gentlemen this class of journals has grown in appreciation, and has become to them a necessity. AMERICUS.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

MR. MAX STRAKOSCH has completed his arrangements for the fall and winter season of Italian opera in the United States. They promise a series of representations of unusual brilliancy. Mr. Strakosch's *prima donna dramatica* is Mme. Teresa Singer, an artist whose Italian career has been remarkably successful. Mme. Singer's last engagement was fulfilled in Rome, and the dilletanti of the Eternal City—who make up the most critical audience in Italy—were unanimous in their admiration of the latest representative of Norma and Aida. The soprano of the company is Signorina Bianca Lablanche, a young *prima donna* of American birth, who has won great distinction in Italy, and especially in Naples. Mlle. Litta, the *prima donna* soprano, whose brilliant début in Paris caused Mr. Strakosch to secure her services for America last year, has been re-engaged for the approaching season. Mlle. Anna de Beocca, a very gifted and beautiful songstress, whose progress in her art has been continuous since her first appearance in London, is the contralto of the company. Mr. Strakosch is quite as well provided for in respect of male artists. Signor Ricardo Petrovich, a performer of European reputation, heads the list of tenors, which includes, besides Signor Baldanza and Signor Lazzarini, two young and promising singers. Signor Storti and Signor Gottschalk are the baritones, Signor Castlemary the *baritone basso*, and Mr. Carl Fornes the principal bass. The novelties announced are Boito's *Mefistofele* and Goldmark's *Queen of Sheba*, and the *répertoire* is also to be enriched by several of the grand compositions of the old school, which are become almost unfamiliar in the New World, as Mme. Singer is the first dramatic songstress who has been heard there for a good many years. — *London Musical World*.

SINGING is one of the healthiest exercises in which men, women, and children can engage. The *Medical Wochenschrift*, of St. Petersburg, has an article based upon exhaustive researches made by Professor Monassein during the autumn of 1878, when he examined 222 singers ranging between the ages of nine and fifty-three. He laid chief weight upon the growth and absolute circumference of the chest, upon the comparative relation of the latter to the tallness of the subject, and upon the pneumometric and spirometric condition of the singer. It appears to be an ascertained fact from Dr. Monassein's experiments that the relative, and even the absolute, circumference of chest is greater among singers than among those who do not sing, and that it increases with the growth and age of the singer. The professor even says that singing may be placed physically as the antithesis of drinking spirituous liquors. The latter hinders, while the former promotes, the development of the chest. While milder forms of catarrh are frequent among singers, bronchial catarrh is exceedingly rare. The mortality of singers from phthisis is unfrequent. Bright's disease, on the contrary, is not unfrequent among them, which is also the case with non-drinkers. Nervous and impatient mortals, whose tempers are set on edge whenever the young woman next door seeks refuge in well-meant but too vehement song, will do well to bear in mind that singing is to be commended as a valuable prophylactic for persons who are phthisically inclined!

THEATRICAL ORCHESTRAS. — The following "remarks" are from the Philadelphia *Bulletin*: "The lover of dramatic art who likes to think, amid the warmth of this summer weather, that playwrights and managers and actors are hard at work preparing for his entertainment treats which he will richly enjoy when the cold winds of autumn come, and when the air of the city, now tremulous with torrid heat, shall be full of frostiness, experiences a pang as he remembers that all the leaders of the theatrical orchestras also are making toilsome preparations for the season. And not only are these persons hunting among the comic songs and the comic operas for airs which they will work into medleys with dreadful variations, but there is an awful possibility that the men who play the cornet are filling themselves with wind at the sea side, and that the drummers are gathering health in the mountains, or mayhap acquiring new strength of muscle by performing gymnastic evolutions at the Turners' picnic. The editor of *Dwight's Journal of Music* recently urged that 'even to the poorest opera we can grant one virtue, if it had no other, namely, the silence between the acts.' It is possible to conceive of a theatrical orchestra which might under certain conditions contribute something to the pleasure of an evening that is spent in a theatre. There might be a collection of skilled musicians who should produce, under good leadership, music which should be so nicely fitted to the sentiment of the drama as to contribute something to its interpretation. It is, however, likely that even such an orchestra would often do more to mar than to help the entertainment. But the ordinary theatrical orchestra is not first-rate in quality, and the music with which it supplies the public is insolently independent of any of the motives of the drama. There are honorable exceptions even in this city, but the practice of managers is to procure

the cheapest orchestra that can be had, and to reduce the number of players so far that the leader is compelled first to beat time a little and then to fiddle a little, so as to help to swell the harmony. As a rule, the music supplied by the leader is selected with special reference to the tastes of the third tier. If 'Sweet By-and-By' is popular upon the street, he will serve up 'Sweet By-and-By,' first as a solo for the cornet player with superhuman lungs, then as a duet for the flutes, and then as a theme for the violins; then he will take 'Sweet By-and-By' and ravel it out, and twist it around, and double it up, and fill it with trills, and run it up the scale and down the scale, and bang it out with the cymbals, and rattle it off upon the drums, winding up with a grand crash upon all the instruments. If all the boot-blacks are whistling 'Grandfather's Clock,' he will serve that dismal tune up in more ways than those in which a French cook can dress a dish of hash, and he will troll it out with an obligato of heels from the audience in the gallery. 'Pinafore' hardly reached this country before the leaders of the theatre orchestras dashed at it, disemboweled it, and tooted and twanged and thumped its melodies night after night between the acts of comedies, farces, tragedies, burlesques, extravaganzas, and sentimental dramas; and we venture to say that half of the leaders have been sweltering all the summer with efforts to devise new combinations of those old melodies: to construct new infernal machines to pop and jingle amid the rattle of the music, and to invent contrivances which will persuade the small boy up-stairs to rest a moment from the crunching of the peanut, and to express his delight by a more vehement whistling upon his fingers. The writer of this once went with a highly-gifted musician to a theatre to see a great actress in a great drama. The music between the acts was singularly poor and inapt, and when the musician was asked how he endured it, he said, 'I made up my mind not to listen to it.' Possibly the majority of persons who have musical sense and musical knowledge make an effort to get by the difficulty in the same manner."

FOREIGN.

HANDEL'S WILL AND OTHER RELICS. — The *London Musical Times* of August 1 has the following report of a remarkable auction sale of the "Snnoxell Collection," including Handel's will and many Handelian relics: —

Messrs. Puttick and Simpson have recently sold a remarkable collection of curiosities under the above title. At the first day's sale (June 9) they disposed of the miniatures and enameled, more than 200 lots, including a few portraits of deceased musicians. On the second day about 200 lots of paintings and medallions, bronzes, china, etc., were sold. Many of these were interesting to musical amateurs, notably an oil-painting by Wolfgang, representing George Frederic Handel; although the resemblance to other portraits of Handel was not striking, the picture was engraved almost immediately after it was painted, and it was therefore interesting to compare the somewhat scarce engraving with its original. On the third day of the sale nearly 200 lots of "mechanical automata, musical instruments, Handelian relics, clocks and watches, ormolu ornaments, etc.," were brought under the auctioneer's hammer. A more extraordinary collection of articles it would be difficult to find — automaton rope-dancers, musicians, life-size performing organists, piping bullfinches, a phoenix pecking her breast and feeding her young with blood, dancing bears, magicians, flying birds, drummer-boys, performing elephants, and "The original anvil and hammer of the Harmonious Blacksmith from which Handel composed his celebrated air." It was somewhat depressing to find this worn-out piece of imposture and monument of enthusiastic ignorance and credulity still in existence, and it was wonderful to note that it sold for £13; but as the purchasers were Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke, well known for their clever feats of sleight-of-hand and deception, it is to be hoped they will be able to turn the miserable lump of old iron to profitable account. We would suggest that they should arrange to have Handel's celebrated air performed on the anvil with a trumpet obligato by *Fanfane*. The fourth day's sale included musical instruments, statuary, theatrical dresses, jewelry, etc. The books, music, and engravings were sold on several succeeding days; and finally, on the 21st ult., the autographs and manuscripts were dispersed. Great interest was attached to the last day's sale, as it had been announced that Handel's will, in his own autograph, would be included in the catalogue. It was very generally known that Mr. Snnoxell had been for years the possessor of this relic of the great composer, reference having been made to it by M. Schœlcher in his life of Handel; much speculation was therefore rife as to whether the coveted prize would be bought by some of our national trustees, or whether the German Handel Society would secure it, but it was purchased by Mr. W. H. Cummings for £53. How it came to pass that various national and local institutions allowed such an opportunity to slip, it would be vain to inquire. The will is wholly in English, and is entirely in Handel's handwriting, with a fine bold signature, "George Frederic Handel," the date of the document being June, 1750; this is followed by a codicil dated August, 1756, not in Handel's autograph, but the signature, which is his, "George Frederic Handel," as before, at once suggests why he did not write the codicil himself — it is the signature of a blind man. A second codicil, signed by

Handel, gives color to the supposition that at the date, March, 1757, he had partially recovered his sight; in a third codicil, dated August of the same year, the signature again appears as if written by one quite blind; and a fourth codicil, dictated and signed on the 11th of April, 1759, only three days before he died, is subscribed in a faltering and feeble hand, "G. F. Handel." This last is witnessed by Rudd and Handel's amanuensis, J. Christopher Smith; and it is interesting to note that by this document, made almost in *articulo mortis*, the "Royal Society of Musicians," of which Handel was a member, received a legacy of one thousand pounds, and instructions are given for the expenditure of a sum "not exceeding six hundred pounds," to erect a monument in Westminster Abbey.

The last day's sale included the inventory of Handel's household goods taken immediately after his decease: this curious document was also bought by Mr. Cummings. Handel's watch, with his name engraved on the case, was bought by an anonymous purchaser.

Mr. Snnoxell, the late owner of the properties we have enumerated, was an amateur violinist, and was for many years associated with the Sacred Harmonic Society in that capacity. He also essayed to become a composer, but, judging from a published volume of his compositions now lying before us, succeeded but indifferently in his endeavors; for, although fairly free from error, they are wanting in interest, and exhibit no indication of talent.

On June 26th a new Lohengrin was presented in M. Candidus, the American tenor, who had previously a remarkable success as Florestano, in Beethoven's *Fidelio*. M. Candidus proved himself the best Lohengrin ever seen on the stage in England. He executed high notes with ease and certainty, and without the slightest tendency to tremolo; and his phrasing was of the most finished kind. He was warmly applauded, and he must be considered a most valuable addition to Her Majesty's Opera. — *Observer*, June 28th.

MISS CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG will soon leave London for Italy, returning before the winter sets in. She purposes remaining in Europe for some time, and will probably turn her attention to oratorio.

HERR BITTER, the new German minister of finance, is well known as the author of several valuable works relating to music. In 1865, he published his book entitled, *Joh. Seb. Bach*; in 1866, *Mozart's Don Juan und Gluck's Iphigenie*; in 1869, *Ueber Gertrud, Handel, und Shakespeare*; in 1872, *Beiträge zur Geschichte des Oratoriums*; and also in 1872, *Verbeaserte Uebersetzung des Don Juan*. From this list it will be perceived that the new minister belongs to the classical school, and is no follower of the music of the future. In 1875, it was he who called into existence the Schleswig-Holstein musical festivals. Herr Bitter is decorated with the Iron Cross and several other orders.

LEIPZIG. — During the recent series of operatic performances given at Leipzig by the company of the Hamburg Stadt-Theatre, much enthusiasm was created by the production of Handel's opera *Almira*, the earliest of the composer's many similar stage works. *Almira* was written at Hamburg in 1704 to German words by Feustking, and was produced on the Hamburg stage (then the leading one in Germany in operatic matters) in the following year. The successful revival of the work in our days is the more noteworthy as testifying to the vitality possessed by a species of music generally regarded as obsolete.

RATISBON. — The general congress of the Cecilia Societies of Germany was held this year at Ratisbon on the 4th, 5th, and 6th of August. The object of these societies is to effect a reform of the music in the Roman Catholic churches, and to bring it back to the more severe style of which Palestrina and his school are types. It is the usage at these German annual meetings to perform some specimen works, both of the more important and minor kind, of the earlier church composers; and as the number of singers is always considerable, and all have been well trained, the effect of *ensemble*, which is one of the great features in these works, is always sure to be well rendered. There were choral services and other performances of church music both in the forenoon and afternoons of the 5th and 6th of August in the Cathedral of Ratisbon, and the Dominican Church and the Church of St. Emmeran. The chief selection of music of the early composers was on the afternoon of the 6th.

PARIS. — M. Halanzier resigned his functions as director of the Paris Grand Opéra on the 15th ult., having concluded the performances given under his *régime* with Meyerbeer's *Les Huguenots* on the previous day, when he took leave of the personnel of the establishment. His successor, M. Vaucorbeil, inaugurated his new office by a performance of Halévy's *La Juive*, in the presence of the president of the republic and a crowded audience. M. Grévy, on the occasion in question, had a prolonged interview with the new director, in the course of which he assured him of the lively interest he took in the conduct and prosperity of the leading lyrical stage of France.

